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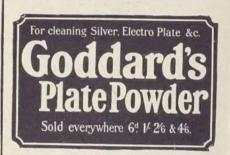
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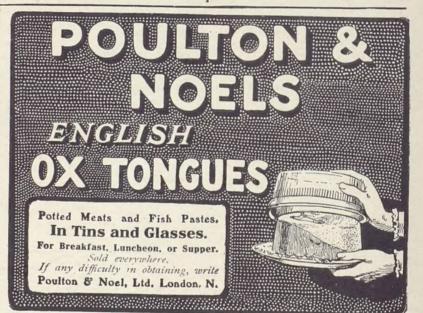
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Aug. 11, 1915

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By Way of Illustration.

I happened to be living in Paris at the time of the great floods. At first, everybody was rather alarmed. All sorts of dreadful things were going to happen. The bridges would be carried away. The Louvre would be swept away. Paris would be cut off from the outer world. There would be no food obtainable.

Still the Seine swelled, and roared, and overflowed her banks. Still the snows melted and the rains descended. Even when the snow was all gone and the rain had stopped, the thick, yellow water came nearer and nearer to the arches of the bridges. Journalists, sitting together in their favourite cafés, smoked innumerable cigarettes, ordered innumerable drinks, and discussed the matter. They bought all the editions of all the evening papers. Some of them, egged on by little me, even got into a cab and went down to the river to have a look at it for themselves.

We came at last to high-water mark. The floods had risen to the highest possible point. But somebody hit upon a new and very splendid panic. After the floods had subsided, there would be, of course, a terrible epidemic. It was inevitable. Floods always caused an epidemic. Everybody knew that.

But, as far as I know, there was no terrible epidemic. The waters retreated, and the authorities took precautions against such floods in the future.

The German
Floods.

Now look at the war-map in your newspaper.
Look at those black patches. They show you exactly where Germany has overflowed into the surrounding country. She has burst her banks. The snow has melted, the rain has stopped (figuratively, not literally). Still the floods are spreading in one direction, and some would have us repeat the panics of Paris.

Be patient, and everything will happen just as it did in Paris at the time of the great floods. At one point, namely, in the West, the flood has long since been checked. Presently, for natural and obvious reasons, it must begin to subside. There is no more water to come. We have built up, in France and Belgium, an emergency wall. It has held good. The German flood beats powerlessly against it.

What happens? Naturally enough, the wash-back sets in another direction—Russia. But this is not new water. This is the same muddy, old water. There is no more water to come. The Russian emergency wan has given way a little, and some would have us suppose, therefore, just to make our flesh creep, that that muddy, old water will swamp Russia and then return to swamp France and Belgium. But it can't. There isn't enough of it to swamp a quarter of Russia, even if the wall gave way altogether. It would sink into the vast spaces of ground. It is sinking all the time into the ground. Then how in the world can there be enough to return and swamp France and Belgium?

The Allies' Dams and Locks.

The analogy, I venture to think, is a good one. Follow it a little further. As in Paris at the time of the great flood, the insurgent water has stirred up a good deal of sewage. But, as in Paris, we shall guard against epidemics. Science, medical science, is not in its infancy. Neither, I sincerely trust, is the science of human government. The wise heads have been put together to prevent an epidemic, and they are being put together to prevent a recurrence of the floods.

When the floods subside, as all floods do subside, our scheme of dams and locks will come into force. We do not want the German river to dry up altogether. Nobody wishes to deprive the world of a great river, even if he had power to do so. But the great river must not overflow its banks. It must run its proper course, doing its own work, irrigating its own tract of country. We cannot allow it to swamp people out of their beds, to destroy villages and towns, to drown little children, to become a terror instead of a useful river.

That is the task in front of our military and political engineers when the floods have subsided. We have every confidence in them. They know their job; they have millions of skilled workmen; they have studied the lay of the land. Water is a force that can be controlled and made useful. So is Germany. A river is not muddy until it gets too big for its proper bed. The German river, under proper control, will once again become a clear and law-abiding stream.

The Kaiser's
Future.

What of the Kaiser? What will happen to him after the War? Will he again become a great and respected monarch? Will his voice have the old weight in the councils of the world?

I do not think so. When a man of great endowments, great opportunities, and strong personality is well advised, he goes on from triumph to triumph. The greater he is, the more natural force he possesses, the greater the need for sane and steady control. Granted that control, he may attain almost anything within human limitations.

Let the same man be badly advised, and the day of his downfall will come. And the more his power, the more violent the lashings in the mud, the deeper he goes into the mire. He is beyond good advice after the downfall. Bad advice has wrecked him. Public confidence, the mighty statue on which he has stood, is shattered. Nobody can re-build it. Life is not long enough. Such a man would need two lives if he were to regain public confidence. I doubt whether history can furnish an example of any great man regaining, after a real smashing downfall, his old position.

I see no future for the Kaiser, therefore, but a graceful retirement from the active world. That will be his punishment—to survive his own downfall. For a man of his temperament, of his past record, I can imagine no greater torture. Let the small kaisers in our midst take warning. Be careful how you go, my kaiserettes!

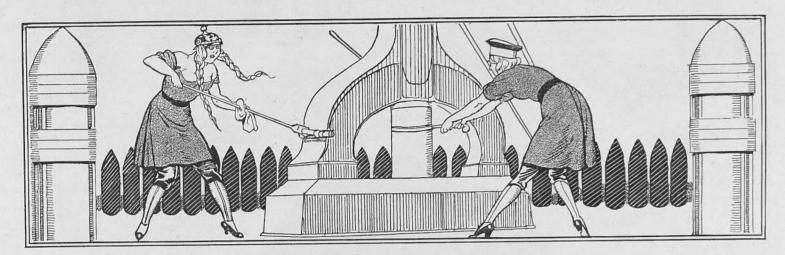
English
Kaiserettes.

Talking of kaiserettes gives me the opportunity to point to a thing that has long caused me a sort of ironical amusement. We all denounce the German and his methods; there is nothing too bad to say about the overbearingness of the Prussian; we speak of it with the utmost loathing, the most complete scorn.

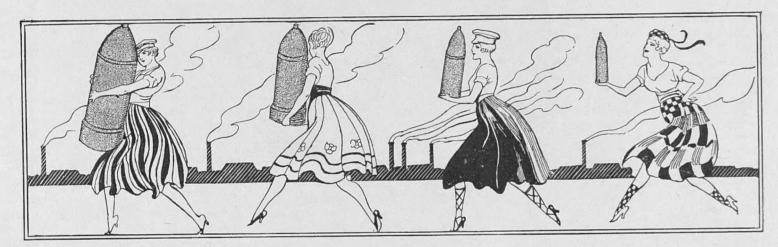
And yet some of the very men who are loudest and most emphatic in their condemnation of the German and his ways are by no means free from the German taint themselves. We all know them in our own walks of life. We all know the employer who practises in private the very vices that he condemns from the house-tops in public all the day long. Really, there is a quiet little scream in it!

If we really loathe the German method, as we do, let us insist that German methods shall not be practised by certain overlords in our midst. No man in this country should meekly allow himself to be brow-beaten and dealt by in a bullying way. Let him learn the lesson of the war—down with all bullies, with all meanness, with all bad use of temporary power. But men will not stand up for their rights. They are afraid of losing their jobs. They say: "It is horribly unfair! I loathe the sight of the man! He has treated me like a dog! But I must think of my wife and children." Better that all the wives and children should perish to-day than that the bullying methods of the Prussian should be allowed to flourish in our midst. Kick the beast, my friend, and kick him hard!

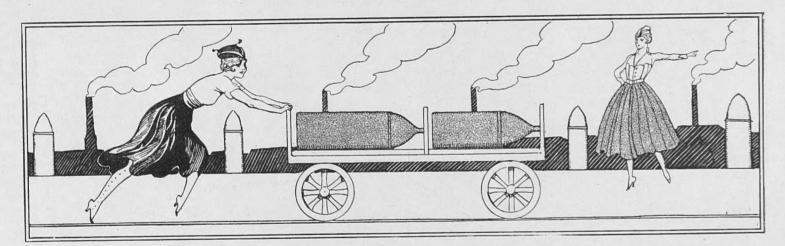
VANITIES OF VALDÉS: THE MUNITIONEERS.



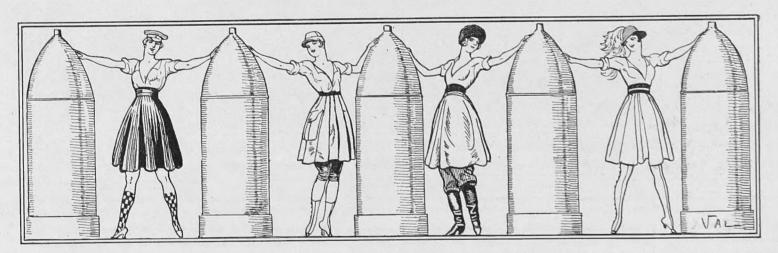
IF GRETEL, WITHOUT TELLING ANY ONE, CHOSE TO MAKE SHELLS.—



-WAS IT LIKELY THAT MARY WOULD SIT BY WITH FOLDED ARMS ?---



-OR THAT MARIANNE WOULD NOT GET TO WORK?-



-AND, WITH RUSSIA AND ITALY GIVING A HAND ALSO, HERE WE ARE WITH PLENTY OF MUNITIONS.

A LIFE GUARD'S WEDDING: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



St. Margaret's, Westminster, will hold a singularly interesting crowd of wedding guests on Friday, the 19th, despite the war, for the worlds of Society, politics, and the arts are sure to be present in force at the marriage of the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, Miss Clarissa Tennant, who is a niece of Mrs. Asquith. The bride-

12TH LANCER'S ENGAGEMENT: THE BRIDE-ELECT.



Wyndham-Quin has just been announced, is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swire, of Hillingdon, Harlow. Captain Wyndham-Quin is the son of Colonel Windham Henry Wyndham-Quin, C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, of Castletown, served with distinction in the Boer War and in South Africa.

Miss Helen Lindsay Swire, whose engagement to Captain B. Richard Southwell W. | Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, and is in the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers. Colonel Wyndham-Quin is cousin and heir-presumptive to the Earl of Dunraven, and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin is a daughter of the sixth Earl of Mayo. Colonel Wyndham-Quin



"NEVER PROPHESY ONLESS YOU KNOW!": THE PAST AND THE FUTURE: 1916!

Looking Back. The ending of the first year of the war has set us all thinking of things that happened a year ago. No doubt it is natural to do so, but I am not sure that we should not be wise to think more of what will have happened by August 1916 and less of what has happened since August 1914. We were all so very wrong in our prophecies as to what would happen during the first year of the war that I hope we shall be clearer-eyed at this, the beginning of the second year of the war.

What We Did Not Know. There were many things that we did not know in those days that we know now. Most of us thought that the making of the war was not

the will of the German people, but only of the Junker party. We believed that Russia was ready for war, and we all talked of her forces as a steam-roller that would slowly but surely press its way into Berlin. We none of us knew what the moral of the French Army would be, and after the retreat from Mons there was a good

deal of wild talk flying about the clubs as to the unsteadiness of the French Territorial troops. The British old soldiers were flocking back to the colours, and the talk was that we should be able to put 200,000 men across the Channel; but no one thought that Lord Kitchener, stopped on his journey out to Egypt, would in a year's time be able to think in millions of men and not in hundreds of thousands.

What We Know Now.

If we now know how united the German nation is in the prosecution of the war, and if we know the tremendous strength of her armies, how perfect is her supply of munitions, and how gallantly her men fight, we also know that

France—caught almost as unprepared as we were—has set her house in order more quickly than we have done, for she never indulged in a belief that there could be "Business as Usual" in an invaded country. And we know that her troops have fought as splendidly during the past year as they have ever fought in her long history of glory. Some of the French Generals — men who may have been put into their positions largely because of the political influence they possessed—were swept away by General Joffre with an unsparing hand, and the French Army of to-day will be compared in history to the very best armies that Napoleon ever commanded. Russia has not been the steam-roller that we hoped would crush its way to Berlin, but it has been an indiarubber wall from which the attacking Germans have always rebounded until this last, the greatest and heaviest and fiercest attack of all, which has forced back the wall but has not broken it down.

Britain's
Balance-Sheet.

No doubt, in France, in Russia, in Italy, and in Japan, Britain is being judged by what she has done during the past year just as we judge our Allies. We sailed into the war just as we have sailed into our

countless little wars, believing that all would come right in the end, and that British valour and British luck would pull us through. Half the country took as a catchword "Business as Usual," determined that no foreign war should disturb Great Britain in her occupation of making money. Luck has not been conspicuously on our side, but British valour has done all that valour can do against a brave enemy superior in numbers. It was only after Neuve Chapelle that the whole country learned of our shortage of munitions, and we have now at last followed the example of France in organising the whole country for the production of what the men in the trenches call "the stuff." We are under no illusions now, and, as is usual with Britons, we are inclined to judge ourselves and those who have led us too harshly,

What is Coming. The German plan of this year's campaign is exceedingly simple, and every child in Germany knows what the Kaiser hopes he will be able to do. It was to com-

mence with the crushing of Russia, and though the All Highest in his telegram to his sister the Queen of Greece pretends to think that he has accomplished this, no one else, either in Germany or outside, believes this to be the case. The Russians have moved back full of fight, and they will be ready to move forward again as soon as they have replenished their stock of munitions, for which purpose Russia is now organising itself. The next blow that is coming is the attack on the French lines and on ours in the West. The Kaiser believes that he will be victorious in this attack, and that Calais, and possibly Paris, will fall into his hands. If this attack fails, as the two previous



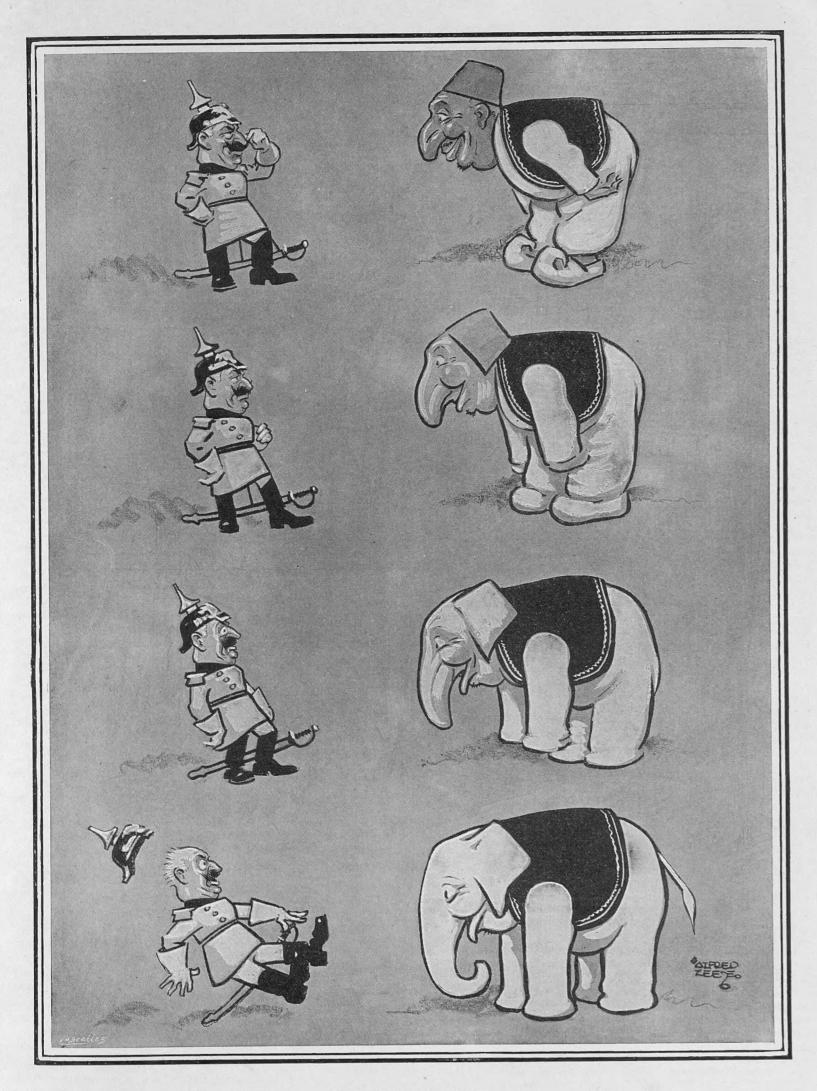
CURTSEYS FOR HER ROYAL HIGHNESS: PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, AT THE HERITAGE SCHOOLS OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

The Duchess of Argyll visited the Heritage Schools of Arts and Crafts, at Chailey, Sussex, the other day. As a rule, only boys and girls are looked after there; now there are some disabled soldiers as well.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

attacks have failed, and if the commencement of the winter campaign finds the French and ourselves still holding the positions we have taken up, then I believe with all my heart and soul that Germany will have lost the rubber. That the commencement of the spring campaign of 1916 will see the balance of numbers of men and guns shifted to the side of the Allies, that in May next year the Allies' advance—planned for the May of this year—will at last take place, and that in August the Allies will dictate terms of their own choosing, I firmly believe.

My Belief. The above is, I know, sanguine prophecy; but I hold it to be the duty of every Briton, once he is assured that his country is doing its utmost to win the war, to be sanguine. I believe that at last Great Britain has really awakened to the fact that to win she has to put every ounce of strength she possesses behind her effort, and that the men in the factories and the men in the mines at last understand that they must do their share as well as the men in the trenches; and, having this conviction, I believe very earnestly that this time next year we shall find that we have reached our goal.

AS EXHIBITED.



THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETS.





TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. R. U. SAVILE: MISS K. G. RITCHIE. Miss Ritchie is the daughter of Mrs. Ritchie, of Farnham, Surrey. Captain C. R. U. Savile is in the Royal Fusiliers, and is the son of Brigadier-General W. C. Savile, D.S.O.—[Photograph by Langfier.]

THE alarmist reports about the Duke of Norfolk's operation came as a shock to acquaintances who had heard in odd ways that it was to be nothing very He himself made so light of the symptoms that made it necessary that many people in his own circle were quite unprepared to read that he had "been removed" to Leeds, or to hear the somewhat ominous remark that it was "hoped it would prove successful." One friend is regretting the levity with which he received the little Duke's own announcement of an pending operation. That friend has always "groused" about the prevalence of bearded Dukes, and about the length of the Norfolk



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN C. A. BRADFORD: MISS MILDRED HELEN GRACE HILLYARD.

Miss Mildred Hillyard (Mrs. Bradford) is the second daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Hillyard, of Upton Pyne, Devon. Captain Brad-ford is the eldest son of Colonel Bradford, Weipark, Lustleigh, Devon, and is in the Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment).

Photograph by Swaine.

beard in particular. "An operation!" he said. "Well, if you mean a shave, I congratulate you."

Degrees of anxiety about For Once, No Letters.

Degrees of anxiety the Duke depended very much on the way in which the Press announcements were interpreted. "Removed to Leeds sounded very serious to those who took it to mean that his Grace was hurried to the nearest nursing-home in an emergency; but those who understood that he had, in plenty of time, removed himself (more or less) to Leeds because of Leeds' great surgeon were much nearer the mark and much less perturbed. Likewise, the announcement that he would be unable to attend to any correspondence "for several

basement of the offices of the Croix Rouge are coping well enough with their various duties, but they miss their chief. They miss her because she turned that basement into the happiest in London. It was a kitchen glorified beyond the ambitions of the most elaborate chef, but not on the lines that would have suggested themselves to a master-cook. A few wooden chairs and occasional cup of tea were all the creature - comforts provided against the fatigues of a long day; but better than champagne, or even tea, was the refreshment of doing work that counted for much to the wounded in France. The Comtesse, following the innumerable parcels of her own packing, has now crossed the Channel: but, alas! on a melancholy mission-for the funeral of the Comte.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF CAPTAIN RICHARD WYNDHAM-QUIN AND MISS SWIRE: CAPTAIN WYNDHAM-QUIN AT THE RACES.

Captain Richard Wyndham-Quin, who is seen in our photograph at a recent race-meeting, with Sir Hercules Langrishe (on the left), is the eldest son of Colonel and Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin, of Castletown, Carrick-on-Suir, and engaged to Miss Helen Lindsay Swire, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Swire, of Hillingdon, Harlow. Captain Wyndham-Quin is in the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers. Lady Eva Wyndham-Quin is a daughter of the sixth Earl of May-, and Colonel Wyndham-Quin is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Dungaven.—[Photograph by Poole.]

months" either looked like an indefinite incapacity or a relative's kind way of protecting the most conscientious of all letter-writers from the occasion for strain.

The engagement of A "G. G." Mr. Guy Nugent Engagement. Engagement. and Miss Grizel Gilmour (herself a "G.G.") is looked upon by the Grenadier Guards as a regimental affair. Mr. Nugent, who is a son of the late Brigadier - General Nugent, belongs to the regiment, and his fiancée's father commanded it. Her mother is a sister of Earl Beauchamp and of Lady Mary Forbes Trefusis, who may be said to belong to Queen Mary's "Own Bodyguard." That, in these Amazonian days, is a fair translation of "Lady of the Bedchamber."

For the time being The Kitchen Knightsbridge has Comtesse. lost the Comtesse de Saint-Seine. Her kitchen-maids, as she called her staff of volunteers in the

That the Countess received innumerable and very sincere expressions of sympathy in her loss go's without saying.

A Miss(ing) as Good as a Hit.

The Archioship York, by far the most inspiriting of the spiritual Lords, claims cousinship with Captain J. C. Lang, reported as missing in the Dardanelles. That "a missing ' is as good as a hit," is the view of our soldiers on the Gallipoli Peninsula, for when a man is not accounted for in the lines all the chances are that he has been wounded before being captured. The relationship between his Grace and the gallant officer brings the Stage as well as the Army into cathedral precincts, for Captain Lang and Mr. Matheson Lang are brothers.

That vivid and always Gifford House. That vivid and always enterprising person, the Duchess of Westminster, does not stay long from her hospital at Le Touquet, but her visit to England gave her time enough to arrange that Gifford House,



MARRIED ON AUG. 5: MISS CONSTANCE VANSITTART (MRS. JAMES CAMPBELL REID).

Miss Constance Hilda Maud Bexley Vansittart, whose wedding was celebrated on Thursday, Aug. 5, from the residence bride's grandmother, Isabella, Lady Miller, of Glenlee, 22, Queen's Gardens, Lancaster Gate, W., is the daughter of Charles Edward Bexley Vansittart and Mrs. Ernest de Lannoy Hayes. Mr. James Campbell Reid, F.R.I.B.A., is the second son of Mr. John Reid, of Dennistoun, Glasgow.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

Roehampton, should be made ready for convalescent soldiers. Le Touquet and Roehampton! O ye shades - of parasols and plane - trees! How often has her Grace, one of the most able and able-bodied of Duchesses, helped to make those places more amusing than a Stewards' programme or a Gold Cup could ever do! Gifford House, with its cricket-ground and little lake, used to give her elbow-room; and her invalids, until they get exuberantly well, will find it one of the nicest of places imaginable for an August holiday.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT J. A. GARTON, M.C.: MISS DORA CUVELIER.

Miss Dora Cuvelier is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cuvelier, of Eton College. Lieutenant Garton is in the North Somerset Yeomanry, and is the eldest son of Captain J. W. Garton, 4th Somerset Light Infantry, and Mrs. Garton, of Clarendon Park, Salisbury.

Photograph by Swaine.

LOST BÉBÉ AND ANOTHER: GABY AND HER "BIG R-R-RAT."



"SUCH A LITTLE, LITTLE SING . . . LIKE A SKINNED DOG. LIKE A BIG R-R-RAT . . . UGLY AND SHIVERY": MLLE. GABY DESLYS' LOST PET, BEBE (THE SMALLER DOG ON THE RIGHT), WITH HER MISTRESS.

Mille. Gaby Desiys was thrown into despair the other day by the loss of Bébé, her tiny toy terrier, so we hasten to do what we can by publishing the truant's portrait. The sad story was told by the "Star," in the words of Bébé's desolated mistress. "And, oh, she is so tiny; such a little, little sing. I offer twenty pounds for her, not for the value, but because I loaf her so, yes! Bébé is one of those so little dogs, like a skinned dog. Like a big r-r-rat! One of the tiny dogs that always look so cold and shiver and tremble, so! Nobody would want to keep her for herself.

They would sooner have the twenty pounds. For she is so what you call ugly and shivery. Ma pauvre! But that is why I loaf her. For you know when people have very ugly children, they loaf them all the more. So it is with Bébé. When I but her first, people say, 'Ah! take it away, it is a dirty, nasty little dog, like a r-r-rat.' But no, she was a brave little dog, and would fight, yes, fight other, big dogs—énormes dogs. Ma petite! You know, they eat those little shivery dogs in China! Oh, la-la-la-la-la-la." Perhaps Bébé went canvassing for Gaby's Periscope Fund.

MILITARY MARRIAGES: A TRIO OF INTERESTING WEDDINGS.



ON THE PILGRIMS' WAY, AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE: LIEUTENANT AND MRS. CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS (MISS STRACHEY)



PASSING UNDER AN ARCH OF SWORDS: LIEUTENANT - COLONEL W. P. RIGDEN AND HIS BRIDE (MISS SPENCER BRUNTON).



A COUSIN OF LORD KITCHENER MARRIED: CAPTAIN J. L. GRAHAM-JONES AND MRS. GRAHAM-JONES (MISS ALLDEN CHEVALLIER PRESTIN).

Pleasantly and picturesquely unconventional was the recent wedding of Miss Strachey, daughter of Mr. John St. Loe Strachey, the well-known Editor of the "Spectator," to Lieutenant Clough Williams-Ellis. The ceremony took place at 8.30 a.m. in the ancient Norman Chapel of St. Martha, on the old Pilgrims' Way, outside Guildford, the approach to which is so steep that no conveyance can climb the last half-mile of the hill. So Miss Strachey walked to her wedding, and, with her husband, walked down again after the ceremony, as shown in our photograph.——Picturesque, too, but wedding.—[Photograph No. 1, by L.N.A.; Nos. 2 and 3 by C.N.] the hill. So Miss Strachey walked to her wedding, and, with her husband, walked

by no means so unusual was the passing of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. W. P. Rigden (Miss Olive Spencer Brunton) under an arch of the swords of Colonel Rigden's brotherofficers of the Royal Field Artillery.--Miss Annie Chevallier Prestin, who was married the other day from the old Suffolk home of the family, Aspall Hall, is a second cousin of Earl Kitchener. Her husband is Captain John Lawrance Graham-Jones,

AT THE CHAPEL ROYAL: THE AMERICAN EMBASSY WEDDING.



ONE OF THE THREE BRIDESMAIDS: MISS FRANCES LEGGETT, OF NEW YORK.
 THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE: MISS KATHARINE PAGE ON HER WAY TO BECOME MRS. CHARLES LORING.

The wedding of Miss Katharine Alice Page, daughter of the American Ambassador, to Mr. Charles Greeley Loring, of Boston, U.S.A., took place on Aug. 4 at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, which had been placed at their disposal by the King. There were three bridesmaids—Miss Leggett, of New York, Miss Sefton, of Aubury, New York, and Miss Joan Cavendish-Bentinck. The bridegroom's best man was the bride's brother, Mr. Frank C. Page. In view of the war, the wedding was a simple one, and there was

3. THE BRIDE AND HER FATHER, DR. WALTER HINES PAGE: THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS DAUGHTER LEAVING THEIR HOUSE IN GROSVENOR SQUARE FOR THE CHAPEL ROYAL.

no formal reception. Mr. and Mrs. Loring arranged to spend a short honeymoon in England, and then go to the United States. Mr. Loring, who is an architect and a graduate of Harvard, is the son of the late General Charles G. Loring, formerly Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Dr. Page, the bride's father, has been United States Ambassador in London since 1913. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were among the distinguished signers of the register—[Photographs by Topical and Illustrations Lureau.]



MURIEL VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY.

ROM the beginning of the war Lady Helmsley has insisted on the impropriety of performing German music in England, As a practical woman, she sees and seizes the moment to assert the claims of English talent. Her work in the President's chair—at Claridge's—for the War Emergency Entertainments Committee brings home to her the hard case and the hopes of the musical profession. It is the war that has doubled the trials of the artists; and the war, and only the war, that has set her working among them. It follows that her whole interest in music and musicians is, for the time being, of the

war warlike. A little while ago she would have smiled incredulously at the idea that her patriotism would have run to string and brass and a quite unmilitary regiment of composers. But her work has made the subject for her a vitally national one. While others have dilly-dallied with the works of the alien in our midst, she has gone to the root of the matter, sent Wagner packing and thrown out Strauss.

If what Lady Out of Time Helmsley has and Tune. to say were not so very much in accord with a quite rational war-time sentiment, her case against the great musicians would not pass muster, and probably will not when the world is at peace again. But she has been careful to base her attack on the sentiment of the moment - a sentiment which makes it impossible for many people to listen to German music without being oppressed, first of all, by the fact that it is German. If the fact that it is music is only a second consideration, it is clear we are not in the mood to listen to it. Let it, therefore, go by the board. Germany still plays Shakespeare, and still enjoys him; but Germany is, probably, more insensitive to spiritual and intellectual repugnances and prepossessions than we are.

There is, Shakespeare in however the Guttural. (Lady Helmsley would admit), something in the German view of

appropriation or naturalisation in the arts. We naturalise a German, and in a genera-

tion or two make a brother of him, especially if his name has undergone the same change. The Germans have, they claim, naturalised Shakespeare. They would no more think of giving Phidias the slip, supposing they were at war with Greece, than they would think of renouncing their rights in "Hamlet' and "King Lear." The difficulty is to know where to stop in this business of "anti-ism." Lady Helmsley does not, probably, go so far as Lady Fitzwilliam. She is not quite so certain about herself or about the future. But, for all that, she is

very robust in her present resolutions, and to her nephews and nieces she is known as "great-anti."

The Anti-Ringleader.

While she can bar Wagner on the score of his own intolerance (she points out that he was the bitterest enemy of our French Allies), and

constitute herself the anti-Ringleader, she is not without her difficulties in following her prejudices through to a logical conclusion. What of English music that has been inspired by Wagner? How eradicate German influence? Even her beloved Meredith (she

is a true-blue Meredithian) was educated in Germany. How lop off all the little growths of enemy origin?

One Consolation, But for the present her cry is simple enough to be very effective. That we can answer it even while involved in an alien environment is very neatly proved by the letter of an English officer at present lying in a German hospital. For six months he has been kept alive by German doctors and injections, and now he is to have his jaw built up by a piece of bone taken from his own leg. one consolation," he writes home, "is that I'm not to have a piece of German bone put into me."

Her Successes. Lady Helm-sley's new campaign carries weight. her campaigns do. She has brought light before now into Darkest London. Her work of organisation on Day Nurseries has been extraordinarily fruitful; and the Rescue Branch of the Lambeth Infirmary, like the Women's Training College for Nurses, owes more to her initiative and energy than can be explained in print.

The Murielites. Socially, Lady Helmsley has the great world with her. Sister of Lord Shrewsbury, and thus connected with the Londonderry household, she is, besides, related to the Brownlows, the Angleseys, Lady Helen Vincent, and Lady Ulrica Baring, and, through her son's marriage, to Lady Warwick. Her daughter, lately dead, married Mr. Gervasc Beckett, and in this direction,

as in all others, relationship has meant fast friendship. Her connections are her allies. Her own two marriages and the marriages of both her children make up, with all the Talbots and all the friends, a very considerable body of English men and women; and Pont Street has never been hedged in by the littlenesses that curtail and impoverish so many social enterprises or split up so many associations that might be useful by force of numbers. Hers is a family of allies and an alliance of families-and the Wagnerites are nowhere!



OPPOSING GERMAN MUSIC AT OUR CONCERTS: MURIEL VISCOUNTESS HELMSLEY. Muriel Viscountess Helmsley has been writing to the "Morning Post": "I am much astonished to see German compositions still figuring largely on concert programmes. Surely no real patriot wishes to hear the sound of the enemy in our midst at this hour. . . . Wagner was the bitterest enemy of our gallant French allies. . . This is the moment to shake ourselves free from the German spirit and domination. . . . We are much too tolerant. . . ." Muriel Viscountess Helmsley is a daughter of the nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. In 1876 she married Viscount Helmsley, who died in 1881. In 1885 she married Mr. Hugh Owen, who died in 1908.

Photograph by Thomson.

SOME PERSONALITIES: PEOPLE OF THE MOMENT.



The wedding of Lieutenant Lord Chesham, of the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, and Miss Margot Mills is fixed to take place on the 17th, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Miss Mills is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle. Lord Chesham, who only celebrated his twenty-first birthday as recently as June 13 last, was wounded in action shortly before that. He succeeded his father, who was killed accidentally while out with the Pytchley, in 1907. Lord Chesham's mother was a daughter of the first Duke of Westminster.—Lord Plunket, here seen wearing his Metropolitan Special Constabulary badge, at the opening of the new hospital for New Zealand troops at Walton-on-Thames, is a member of the H.Q.C.D. (Headquarters Central Detachment) of the Special Constabulary, one of whose duties is to provide a

guard at Buckingham Palace. He was promoted Sub-Irspector from Sergeant in May; when his place as Sergeant in one of the sections was taken by Special Coast ble Lord Ludlow. William Lee Plunket, G.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., is the fifth Baron, and was born on Dec. 19, 1864. He succeeded in 1897. He has been Private Secretary to two Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland; as well as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Zealand. He bore the Standard of the Dominion of New Zealand at the Coronation of King George. — The Colours presented by the King to the newly raised First Battalion of the Welsh Guards were consecrated by the Bishop of St. Asaph. The Bishop was born at The Vicarage, Llanymowddwy, in 1848, and is a son of the late Rev. William Edwards, Vicar of Llangollen.—[Phetographs by Speaight C.N., and Sarony]

HE eye-witness who observed the Queen looking round in St. Paul's before she took her seat found himself admiring her Majesty for her natural interest in the gathering.

According to the old conception of the queenly attitude towards the crowd, she would have borne herself as if she were not in the least concerned with her neighbours. The Queen of to-day is not to be tied up by such restrictions; and obviously there has never been a moment in our history at which a mutual regard and curiosity was more justifiable than it is But to abstain from that backward turn of the head was, as it happens, one of the things religiously learned by royalty. The Empress Eugénie, for instance, never looks round, even at her chair. Defying all the natural instincts of selfpreservation that make ordinary mortals look before they sit, she invariably takes her chair for granted.

A Great Page for the Pages.

AN INTERESTING ENGAGE-

MENT: MISS DORIS MAR-

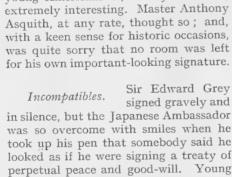
GARET BOWATER.

Miss Doris Bowater, whose engagement to Lieutenant Norman G. K. Salmon, 3rd Leicestershire Regiment, is just announced, is the younger daughter of Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, who was so popular and successful a Lord Mayor of Leader in NOVALA Miss Bowater.

London in 1913-14. Miss Bowater has received many congratulations

Sir Edward Grey, the P.M., and a couple of Ambassadors all went to church twice last Wednesday—once to St. Paul's and once to the Chapel Royal for the American wedding. They were not merely

booked to attend the lesser ceremony, but were on the spot in good time, and all duly signed the register. That register must be regarded as an important document. That the Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Italian Ambassador, and the Japanese Ambassador should meet together in the Chapel Royal on the first day of a new year of the war to do honour to a couple of young Americans is, to say the least, extremely interesting. Master Anthony Asquith, at any rate, thought so; and,



Mr. Page, the best man, did all the

necessary talking. He is one of those

upon her engagement. Lieutenant Salmon is at present "somewhere in France." Americans who make it their business to speak well on everything and anything, and who half-persuade one that conversation is the first of the talents. To hear him converse with Mr. Henry James is, however, almost too much to bear: the easy flow of the one is in perpetual conflict with the weighty laboriousness of the other. It is almost a relief to know that they are no longer compatriots!

Lord Templemore's Lady Paget, who from the Son. first took up urgent business of Serbian hospitals and relief work, found a most useful lieutenant in her cousin, Richard Chichester. He went out with the first ambulance unit ten months ago, fought the desperate



typhus outbreak in Skoplje, and only lately was planning a scheme

of relief for the civil population in the south. Now, in his twenty-

sixth year, he is dead, a victim of the typhoid that has laid low

so many English and American

workers in Serbia. Brave and gay

in conditions of dire distress, he

was jesting only the other day of

the splendour of the uniform that

went with the honorary captaincy

he had been given in the Serbian

Army. Lady Paget knew his worth ten months ago; now a few

thousand other people know it too,

at Little Thakeham is on the

market. It is the sort of house

to write a book about; better

still, it is the sort of house to live

in. For a number of reasons the

chance is a rare one. Mr. Lutyens,

in the natural order and cost of

Another

chance!

Lutyens house

The

and mourn him.

A Second-Hand

Lutyens.

MARRIED ON AUG. 10: CAPTAIN MERISON-MISS MANN. Miss Florence Beatrice Mann (Mrs. Merison), whose marriage was arranged to take place at Holy Trinity Church, Folkestone, yesterday, is the daughter of the late Thomas G. Mann, of York and Harrogate, and Mrs. Mann, of 21, Earl's Avenue, Folkestone. Captain Charles W. Merison is in the Suffolk Regiment.—[Photographs by Lambert Weston.]

things, never builds except for the more substantial people; all his delightful places are fairly recent, and the substantial people have had no time in which to die or grow poor; certainly none of them, once in, have ever wanted to move out again into a new home. But Little Thakeham, by a com-

bination of circumstances, is changing hands. Who will be the buyer? At one time Lady Emily thought that she would like to make a collection of her husband's masterpieces. That was the vague ambition of a lady who found herself falling in love again whenever a new "Lutyens" was built-or born. She is still in love with these children of brick and stone; but the war is a fatal disperser of ambitions and scatterer of families.

"The Dug-Ups." The Earl of Dunrayen of the future has found a consort—that is to say, Captain Wyndham - Quin is to marry It is by no means his first Miss Swire. engagement this year. For the last few months he has been recovering from the wound he received in a cavalry charge in France—the only authentic cavalry charge delivered during this queer new war of dug-outs and "dug-ups." "Dug-ups," by the way, is the rather unkind name for men who have got past

the Army doctors with a squeeze, and a certain amount of womanly bashfulness and prevarication about birth-dates. Lady Lanes-

ENGAGED TO STAFF-CAPTAIN GERALD E. F. TORREY: MISS VIOLET LINDSAY.

Miss Lindsay is the only child of Major-General Sir Walter Lindsay, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Lady Lindsay, of Parkside House, Knowsley Park, Prescot. Staff-Capt. Gerald Everett Franklin Torrey, of Heacham, Nor-folk, is in the 89th Infantry Brigade.—[Photograph by Swanne.]

borough and her daughters—the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Moyra Butler-are buttering buns and pouring coffee at London Bridge Station. "Betty" is the name the youngest of the trio goes by in the family circle, and "Betty" she has been on the family's serving days at the soldiers' buffet. It is a name that catches on. When a name that catches on. one of the stall's clients calls out, "Another cup, Betty, please," she can feel sure that the British Army is feeling at home. Naturally it is her ambition to be "Betty dear" to a returning warrior before the

station buffets lapse once more into

the hands of the ordinary haughty

-or weary—barmaids.

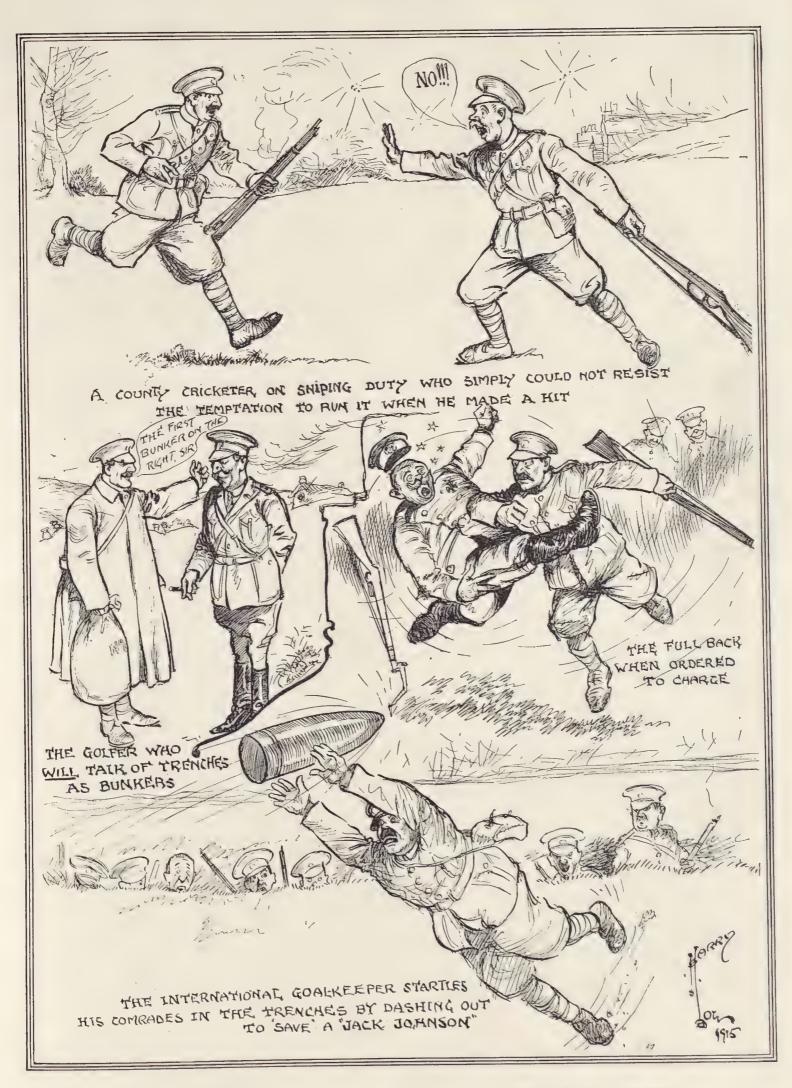
Betty the Butler.





MARRIED ON AUG. 4: MR. MACLAREN-MISS SEAMAN. Miss Dorothy Catherine Seaman (Mrs. Maclaren) is the only daughter of Mr. W. J. Beattie Seaman, late of Aldingbourne House, Chichester. Mr. Charles Walter de Bois Maclaren, of Armadale, Roseneath, is Vice-Consul in the Levant Consular Service. Photographs by Suame.

LIBELLOUS?



WITH A SPORTING BATTALION AT THE FRONT: HIGHLY IMAGINATIVE DRAWINGS.

Drawn by Harry Low.



BY CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

The War Bride and Her Outfit.

114

There has always been a close alliance between Mars and Venus. So it is no wonder that the war has stimulated rather than depressed the

matrimonial market. For one wedding put off by the war there have been a dozen accelerated on account of it, and girls who might



"A blouse of finest georgette crêpe whose petalled outline is stitched with pink."

Selecting the

Trousseau.

have languished for years in the unrelieved boredom of spinsterhood have been called to the honourable estate as a brandnew Captain's partner. are still hundreds of prospective war brides occupied with the pleasant cares attaching to the purchase of the trousseau, and a few hints may be of use. Once long ago, in the days of the spinning-wheel and hand-loom, the early years of a maiden's life were occupied in getting together, to the accompaniment of much good advice, all the things considered meet and necessary for those about to But venture into matrimony. now everything is changed. To begin with, the whole business in these strenuous times has to be compressed into a few weeks, sometimes even into a few days, of fierce excitement.

"Owing to the war, the ceremony will be very quiet, and no invitations will be issued " is the formula which concludes the announcement of

many a "forthcoming marriage." But at least there remains the business of the trousseau and the choosing of the household linen. At one time the bride was definitely charged with the responsibility for providing all the linen for use in the home over which she was to rule, as well as her own personal things. Now it is a debatable point whether the man shall assume the burden. But whichever way the matter is settled—and it has a way of being resolved chiefly by reference to the relative circumstances of the parties—the bride-elect usually has a large say in the matter of choice, and

For instance, the problem of Some Pitfalls. the towel is quite a knotty one; unsuspected pitfalls surround the choice of table linen; the even tenor of the matrimonial way may be badly ruffled by paying insufficient attention to the harmony which should exist between the sheet, the pillow-slip,

and the bed-spread. Is the pillow-slip trimmed with Cluny lace? Then, to avoid the risk of nightmare, the sheet must follow suit and the bed-spread conform to the general scheme. Of course, it follows that no one with a sense of the fitness of things would pair a towel powdered with a snowflake pattern with another decorated with a chaste border of humming - birds. A similar unity of thought must be preserved in the table linen. There are those who prefer to eat off a cloth checked with the familiar blue-and-white of the kitchen duster, with napkins en suite, and orange table-ware as an additional fillip for a disordered digestion. A more numerous class prefers the less sensational cloth of white damask. But here, too, the chances of going wrong are infinite. A table-cloth reproducing the Bayeux tapestry may be a beautiful thing in itself: allied with napkins

following the Adam school of decoration, it produces dyspepsia in the napery precisian; and the glories of sole Colbert become as

dust unless the cloth of broderie Anglaise and filet lace is accompanied by a napkin of the same type. No wonder the bridegroom is willing to hand over his responsibilities in this matter to the subtler female mind, more capable of grasping the value of the apparently unimportant.

> A Word on hold linen " Undies."

does not in itself constitute the trousseau. There is the lingerie to be thought of. The dessous of crêpe-de-Chine and ninon have already been described. They are the luxuries of the spinster, but the necessities of the trousseau, in which at least two or three sets should find a place for use when visiting. But lingerie garments pure and simple run them close. Such lingerie as you find at Messrs. Walpole's in Sloane Street, whence the examples sketched on this page emanated. Fine mull, nainsook, sheer linen-these are the materials employed for the knockabout knicker and the everyday chemise. Lace, particularly Belgian, filet, Cluny, or torchon



"The nightdress is a possession schich any bride might enery."

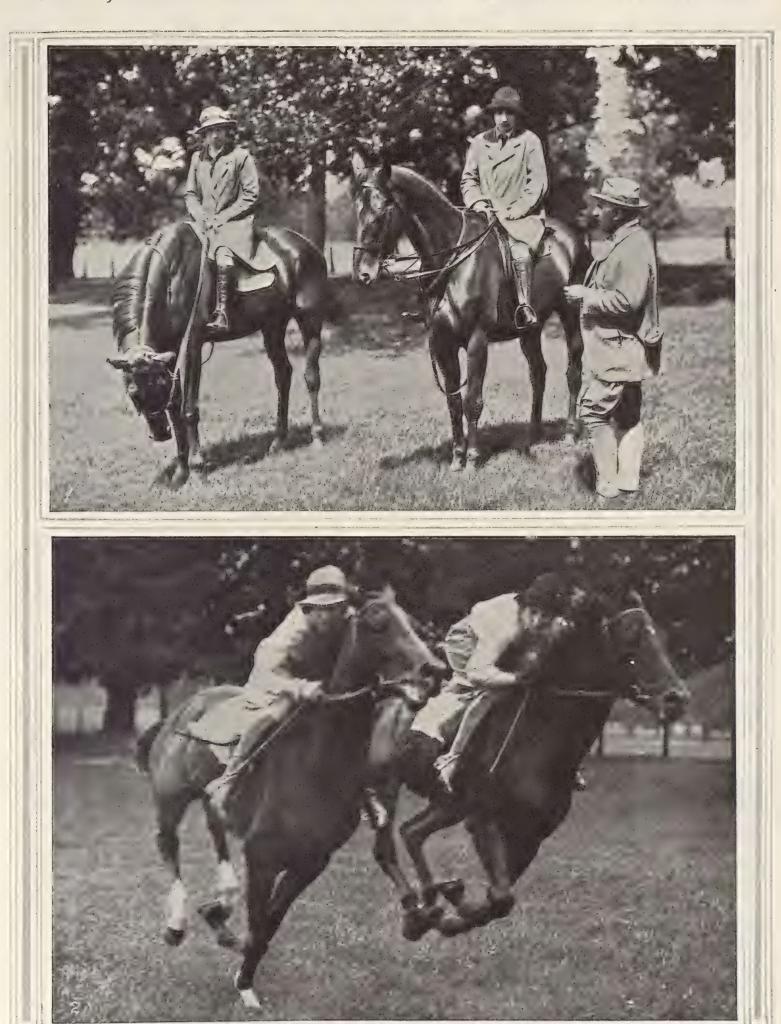
lace, is used as trimming, though the most modish decoration is a wealth of fine hand embroidery. An intoxicating little garment composed entirely of alternate strands of ribbon and lace, with curtailed sleeves, forms an apologetic foundation for a transparent blouse. Dolores has sketched a blouse of finest georgette crêpe whose petalled outline is stitched with pink. The nightdress is a possession which any bride might envy, and the fascination of the cushion and be-ribboned rest-wrap is hard to resist.

It is called The Confidence the con-Cushion. fidence cushion, and is intended for use in the boudoir or for the rest-day in bed. It is, of course, essential that the colour of the lining should harmonise with the scheme of the room. The cover itself is a finely embroidered linen slip. A quaint conceit is the introduction of an embroidered profile—it may be that of the "dearest friend." In fact, the cushion is something you could almost exchange confidences with, and safer in that way than the flesh-and-blood original of the profile.



"The fascination of the cushion and be-ribboned rest-wrap is hard to resist."

DOING JOCKEY'S WORK: SIR ROBERT WILMOT'S DAUGHTERS.



1. SOME POPULAR YOUNG SPORTSWOMEN TURN THEIR TRAINING TO GOOD ACCOUNT: THE MISSES WILMOT—FINAL INSTRUCTIONS FROM SIR ROBERT.

2. A BRACKNELL TRIAL: MISS NORAH AND MISS KATHLEEN WILMOT RIDING A CLOSE FINISH.

The Hawthorn Hill meetings would for some years past have seemed like "Hamlet" without the Prince had not Sir Robert Wilmot and his daughters put in an appearance; for Sir Robert, his training stables at Binfield Grove, and his daughters, are a Berkshire institution. The Misses Norah and Kathleen Wilmot are the daughters of Sir Robert by his second marriage, with Miss Eleanor Hare, daughter of the Hon. Hugh Henry Hare, brother of the Earl of Listowel; and have been known as plucky and skilful

horsewomen from their childhood. Now that the war has depleted the ranks of her father's men, these young ladies have taken up the work in good earnest, and ride in trial gallops with all the dash of professionals. Sir Robert, as shown in our first photograph, gives them their instructions for the day, and how thoroughly they carry them out may be seen in our second photograph, of a close finish. Sir Robert Wilmot is the sixth Baronet and very popular in sporting circles.—[Photographs by Topical.]



LE MEURTRIER.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE white-headed General sat on the Versaillised terrace of the chateau: he was endeavouring to ignore the sunset. He was a large, firm creature, scrupulously impassive, sedulously inhuman; and, after the fashion of his race, he suggested not so much an individuality as a composite picture of the grim, blood-and-iron manipulator of world destinies. He looked, in fact, a cinema Bismarck. As with most of his specification, the affectation had been fairly successful with him. He had organised his natural appetite for brutality until it had become a thoroughly efficient military tool, and he was a safe commander of a theoretically correct school. All he lacked was the trifle of genius; but, as that lack was universal, nobody missed it, and he could rank as peer with the most qualified practitioner in rigid cruelty.

Or rather, up to this moment he had felt he could rank as peer. Just now he was uneasy. It had come to him that he had grown old and soft. The sunset should not disturb him like this

He erected his stiff old joints, and stared resolutely at the rainy gold of the dying sky. "In half-an-hour," he muttered. "Half-an-hour more, and that rogue will be shot." He shivered as he said that, and frowned as he shivered. His feelings should be more under control than that. He told himself that there had been no loophole for the fellow, the tenets of military theology had ordained his inevitable end; but even that did not stiffen the General. The man's doom was not troubling him. It was the man himself. Quite apart from the startling set of the fellow's features, there had been his eyes, and the bright, scornful way he had used them. The fellow's eyes were an obsession.

The General walked to the edge of the terrace and looked down on the village a little beneath. He looked particularly at a big yellow house that had been pointed out to him, and as he regarded it he was afraid to wonder what the woman—about whom a witness had spoken—was like. She was enclosed by the yellow walls of that house even now.

The thought of the woman began to unleash his mind, and fought against his will to be callous. His memory defied him, and returned over the paths of the past.

Years ago, when Emperors were still telling the fortunes of Europe with the doves of peace, he had gained his command. His name had been set down in the plans as one to lead part of the army of invasion through this line of country. He had accepted the charge as a man accepting his natural right. His right was that he already knew the country and had fought over it, and so, after the first few days of invasion, he would be leading men in the sphere in which he had won his first laurels as a lieutenant of the '70 war.

The military justness of the promotion had been the thing that had filled his mind when they gave him his army. His memory had been concerned with military details of his future terrain, not with the other things that had made his past. He had not remembered the other things in the first few dynamic days of advance. But just lately he had begun to remember. He had come into a place of the familiar. Perhaps that had whipped his spirit, had taught him how young he had been then and how old he was now. Perhaps that had made him feel soft and rather weak.

But it couldn't be exactly that. He remembered he had been cheerful and strong enough when he had come upon the first sign of his vivid past. That had been the farmstead by the V——cross-roads. They had caught half a company of line troops there in '70, and pounded them to blazes. There was the sign of new brick built on old where battered ruins had been repaired. He had laughed as he stood up in his automobile and pointed out the line of the fight to his Staff.

It was when they had come to the shrine a day's march from the chateau that the change had come. They hadn't altered the shrine—not in the least. It was exactly as it had stood when he had last seen it in '70. It was the same wooden figure of the Crucifixion. They had not even touched the wound that Conrad's bullet had made in the breast. It was left there—for memory. He had been at Conrad's side when that drunkard had fired, and he had joined in Conrad's laugh. He could almost hear that laugh as he looked on the wind-scoured figure anew, though Conrad had been forgotten and dead thirty years. He was chilled in that moment. The sight was terrible and ominous.

He thought that this must be a sign that he was getting soft and old. He was beginning to feel things he had no business to feel. He was less dispassionate and cold. Memories better forgotten came to him, and he was disturbed. As his great automobile pushed him along beside the lifting columns he was recognising things far too easily. As the fat, grey, foot-slogging columns beat along, the road-dust lifted over them like the smoke of wood fires; but even through the dust he saw the land, and knew it well. And he was uneasy.

There was actually little to make him uneasy. There was not even the drumming of guns through the distance, nor the sharp snapping fight of advance screens meeting and driving in the enemy. The place was implacably serene. In their womb of dust the men of the clock-like battalions were singing the stupidest and most lilting ditty from a Germanised French vaudeville. He could see the sun burning on the farm under the hill where the officers of Conrad's battalion had messed. Through the tunnel of elms along the road would be the village. And a little to the right of the village would be the farm.

The General, well wrapped up and in the sunlight, grew chilly as he recalled the farm, and that was absurd. He had, since '70, treated what he had done at the farm with a sneering bravado proper to the act and its circumstances. But as he thought of the farm now he felt the eyes of the woman upon him, and the look bit in.

Under the elms and in the village it had been quiet as he drove through. No fighting or signs of battle. The villagers had been sensible. They had accepted the inevitable without excitement. What men remained stood with the children at the roadside, and women looked down from the windows. They were all silent as they watched the thick regiments push by. It was impossible to tell what was in their hearts.

The big automobile was to sweep out of the village and mount the low hill to the chateau. In front of the side-road the car must follow there was a block; a quartermaster's lorry had broken down, and an infantry platoon was pushing it forward out of the way. The automobile stopped, waiting, and the General looked about him. The village was painfully the same. Not a brick had been

[. ontin e.t overleaf.

THE HAT TRICK.



THE NEW MAID: If you please, Mum, these flowers come for you w'en you was out, an' I put 'em in water.

THE MISTRESS: Good heavens, girl! What have you done? Why, that's my new hat!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY,

altered. It was as though he had come back to the spot in a The villagers were the same also, it seemed, in spirit at least. They were as listless and as impassive under this invasion as they had been under the last. The General looked at them as they bunched in a passive crowd a few feet from his automobile, and under his glance the crowd shifted uneasily and thinned out. General smiled a little as he realised the power behind his glance, and for a moment the depression in him gave way to pleasure, for he loved power. But the pleasure was only for a moment. A man was on the footboard of his automobile almost as soon as his smile began.

The man had dashed out of the crowd at once. The General had heard a thick cry of rage—rather like the sound of a big dog surprised and enraged at once—and then the man was on to him. The man's big hands were gripping the General's full throat, and the man's face was over the General's. If the Staff Major had not been quick the General would have been dead. The face of the man had unnerved him with an abrupt horror, and he could not help himself.

The man's face was close and hot above him; he could see the lips curved back from the strong teeth as the man growled in rage, he could see the cat-like lift of the lip, and the deep lines about the prominent nose. The face and the nose filled him with horror, for he knew them too well; but the eyes gave him greater horror, for he remembered them too vividly. There were anger and scorn and unfathomable hate in the flaming black of the eyes-and so the woman had looked at him when he left her all those years back in '70. The eyes were the same. The eyes of a woman he had widowed and shamed were glaring their hate at him, as though the years had not intervened.

When the Major battered the man's head, and two privates had pulled him, kicking, into the dust of the road, the General had still crouched back in his padded seat, passive and cowed and weak. They thought the man's hands had hurt him, but that was not so. It was the woman's eyes-and the lines of the man's face that had so suddenly made him old and soft and afraid.

Then followed the terrible formalities. Stupidly, they had not killed the fellow then and there, but had saved him sound. They would make a terrible example of him—they had a passion for making terrible examples. They brought him up for a foolish They made the trial as precise and as rigidly abhorrent as was in their power. They missed none of the details-they wouldn't; and the General sat there trying this man with the woman's eyes and with-with a face that was too, far too familiar. And the man glared hate at him, and answered, when he answered at all, with a high impenitence.

The man was large and firm to look at, and the General watched him and recognised physical details with a nausea which he hoped he did not show. The man's clothes were better than those of the other villagers (he was an intensive farmer, the court discovered, and successful), but they were rough enough to hide the build of his body. The face, however, could not be hidden. He thought every one of the officers about him must recognise what that face meant, and even, he thought, he saw officers regarding it curiously, and turning to look at him with questions in their eyes. But he did not look up; he strove to be impassive and to ignore the court.

The man was between forty and fifty, and he was single. His surviving relative was his mother; she was over sixty, and she lived in the village. A witness gave further details. Apparently the woman was not an accomplice. When the man spoke of the woman the General looked down at his papers, but he knew the man was looking at him, and that his eyes were scornful and full of

Nothing else was brought against the man save that he had made this senseless attack. In their way the members of the court tried to implicate the village; but the effort was futile. The man, at his own impulse and without reason, had done this rash thing. Try as they could, they could drag no other victim into the trial. The General, perhaps, was the reason for this. He showed no desire for making large examples.

They tied the act down to this one man, then; and then they tried to make him explain his action. That phase of the trial was the most disturbing. As they asked him the man laughed savagely, and he glared straight at the General. The General was forced to exert a great effort to keep every shade of emotion from his face. They pressed their question, and the man answered scornfully: "What does it matter? I have failed. Perhaps my judge could explain it to you."

The black eyes were burning into his, and the hate in them had only deepened in the forty and more years. The General felt that everyone there was looking at him. There was a secret stirring. He felt that they were looking at his face very keenly. He felt too weak to do anything. He was old and nerveless and incapable. He felt saturated with horror. He wondered why someone did not start talking and so rescue him from this terror. He heard a level voice speaking, and knew that the prosecutor had been talking for

The end was awful. There was only one sentence, and he had to give it. He tried not to hurry his diction: he tried to be impassive But his whole being was fluid with nausea, and he feared it got into his voice. He knew he condemned the man to be shot at sunset, but whether his voice quavered as he delivered the sentence he did not know. The man's eyes were scornful to the last, and his dismaying features as rigidly proud. . . . His Staff left him alone a great deal after that, and he did not know whether he ought to be pleased at their tact or to be fearful of it. He sat through a ghastly meal, conspicuous for its many silences, and when he came out on the terrace no one had followed.

He stood on the terrace now, feeling very old and nerveless, and he looked down at the yellow house where the woman was. She was down there, knowing all there was to know. She might prove false the thoughts that gave him terror-or settle them in their awful truth.

He looked down at the yellow house, seeking to evade the horror of his mind, knowing that he could never evade it until he had proved it false in that house. The declining sun was touching the walls of the house as he looked, until they looked bright, new, and magnetic. He stepped down the brick steps of the terrace and walked towards the house through the chateau grounds.

There was a sentry before the yellow house, and a lieutenant appeared as the General came up; but there were no words exchanged. He went in through the door into the living-room of the place, and his first sensation was that it was all dreadfully familiar. She had brought to this house the furniture of the farm, was his first thought; but he corrected that sternly by admitting that all the houses of the French were alike.

The lieutenant had followed him in, and as the General hesitated this young officer told him in a quiet voice that the woman was in a small room to the left. He offered to go in and bring her out, but the General had caught the boy looking at him queerly, and more to escape that glance he went straight to the room himself.

The woman was there: there was no mistaking her. Her face, which had been so pretty, had fallen into dry hollows and wrinkles, but the eyes had not changed. They were still black and bright; there were still scorn and hate in them-only now the hate was made more baleful with black mockery. The woman sat with her hands on her knees, and she looked at him as steadily as her son had looked.

The General looked back at her, and he realised weakly that he had not prepared any words with which to meet her. The woman made no movement to speak; she was content to look at him with those mocking and hateful eyes of hers. The General said, with an effort-

"Woman, your son is to be shot." He looked from the window at the light in the sky. "It will take place in a few minutes."

The woman did not take her eyes from his, but her old lips smiled cruelly, and she said, in a voice surprisingly round and firm-'I know"—and she addressed the General by name.

"Why did he do this foolish thing?" the General demanded, but very lamely; and the woman at once lifted her head as her son had lifted his, and her scorn was the same.

"Is there necessity for you to ask?" she demanded.
"It is vengeance?"

"Perhaps justice," said the woman.

"It is a poor vengeance," said the General with difficulty, "for he will merely lose his life, and nothing is gained."

The woman laughed again; and her laugh was hard, terrible, but quite satisfied.

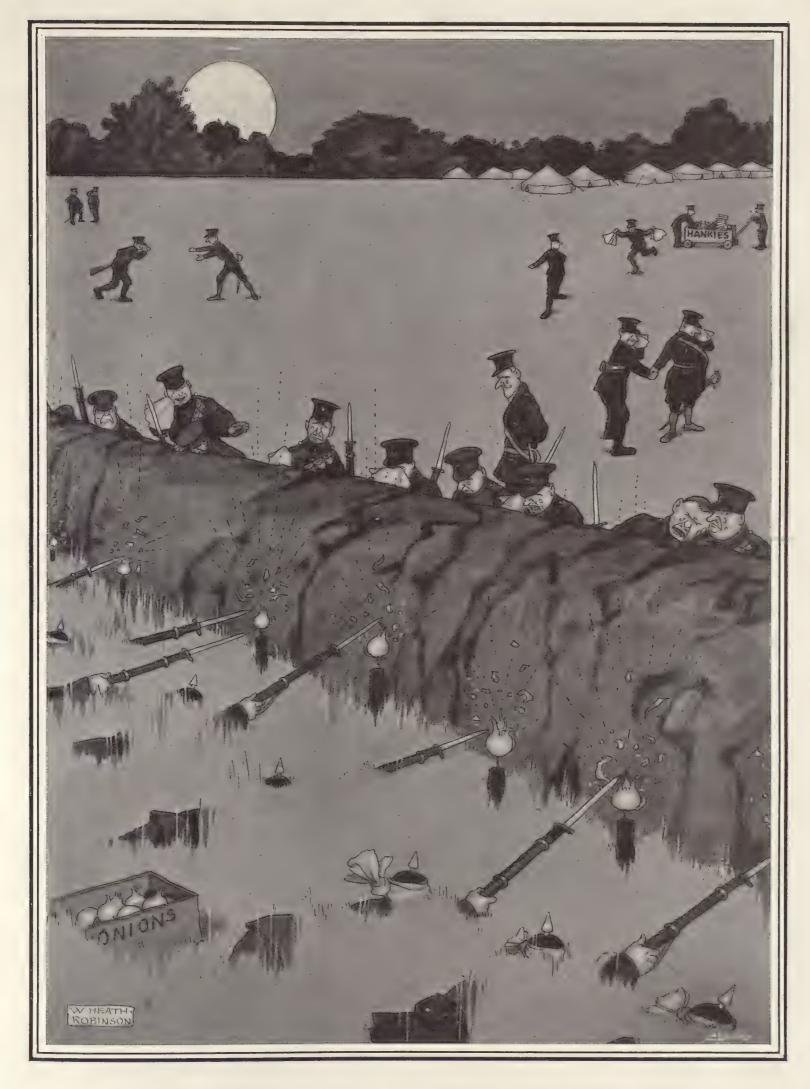
It is a vengeance better even than I had hoped. I had taught him hate, as you see "-her hand showed him a collection of photographs. They were all photographs of himself at different stages of his career as illustrated papers had published them. The first was a wood engraving from an English paper, the *Illustrated London News* of 1871: it was the portrait of himself printed because his bravery had won him the Iron Cross. Beneath it was written in a woman's hand "Le Meurtrier." The last was a few years old, and showed him as the Commander of an Army. They were all good portraits, and the prominent nose and the lines from it to the mouth fascinated him, as these features had fascinated him in the man he had condemned to be shot. "I had taught him hate," went on the old woman; "but my plan of vengeance was not so good as your own. I had taught him to hate and to kill the Prussian who had slain the man whom he thought to be his father.'

The General could not speak.
"You have done better," finished the woman. "You are going to kill the man whom you know to be your son. Justice is better done.'

As the General left the house he saw that it was past sunset, and he knew himself to be very old.

THE END.

German Breaches of the Hague Convention.



VIII.—LACHRYMOSING THE BRITISH BY ONION-WHITTLING UNDER COVER OF NIGHT.

Drawn by W. Heath Robinson.

There is so absurd a prejudice in England about On Getting Wet. getting wet that we have recently seen country postwomen carrying umbrellas as well as postal matter, much to their embarrassment at every door. Though arrayed in the regulation heavy macintoshes, these patriotic women could not resign themselves to damp heads. In Scotland there exists, luckily, no dislike of rain. Your true Scot-unlike the Norwegian, who lives

and dies in a waterproof, and is never seen without a "gamp"—carries no protection from storms, and enjoys the best health in Europe. To put up an umbrella, say, north of Perth is to stamp yourself a Southron of the most effeminate and contemptible kind. And, as a matter of fact, summer rain does you not a penn'orth of harm, and is quite pleasant if you wear a suitable cap and do not try to dodge it. Net veils with velvet spots gummed on are not recommended, if the rain is to be thoroughly enjoyed—in short, the apparel should resemble that of a mine-sweeper rather than that of a promenader in Bond Street. This precaution taken, postwomen should be able to brave the elements undaunted, and if it were whispered to them that soft summer rain is a beauty-cure for the complexion they might discard umbrellas and tramp it with the great and growing army of Bare Heads.

Though dotted all over Serene Sussex. with men in khaki; seething with feminine effort in the way of nursing, preparing Red Cross necessaries, motor-drives, and garden-parties for convalescent soldiers; and possessing a palatial military hospital at Chichester standing in acres of flower-gardens and smooth lawns, Sussex yet preserves, by a miracle, its eternal

serenity, its air of immemorial calm. This essential placidity, it is true, has never been disturbed for a thousand years, for not here was Civil War ever waged; and the South Downs, with their noble, suave, and swelling lines, their scooped hollows trimmed with oak and ash, look down on all this feverish human activity with the air of those who keep inviolate our southern shores. The air which blows on those chalk downs is, perhaps, the finest in the world, so light it is, so invigorating, so inspiring, so full of the aroma of the herbs and field flowers which luxuriate on those heights looking towards the silvery Channel. There are many beautiful places in

England, and many grander and more imposing; but the country round Arundel takes hold of you for ever, tugs at your heart-strings (even though you be a Northerner in every fibre) and endears itself to you like some exquisite and coaxing woman. Sussex folk get nostalgia, I fancy, more than the people of other counties, and this is because the downs, with their soft, ample, and swelling lines, have for all Southrons the aspect of a universal mother.

It was nice to The French see M. Paul Ambassador and Cambon Feminists. specting an X-

ray motor ambulance presented to the Scottish Women's Hospital for service in France. As it will be entirely in charge of womendoctors, nurses, and orderlies-and is the gift of members and friends of the London Society for Women's Suffrage, his Excellency must by now have gallantly, and no doubt wittily, revised his well-known opinions of Feminists and their

activities. This is the third ambulance car presented by the Society, and it has every virtue which such a vehicle can possess. It carries an operating tent and couch, so that patients can be quickly examined and passed out; and, moreover, the X-ray apparatus can be detached and used apart from the car, which doubles its usefulness. Much feminine ingenuity has been expended on the details. When this war is over, the women of England, France, Russia, and Italy will step on to a higher platform than they have hitherto known. ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.



The Power of the Poet.

In these days the average man thinks little of poetry; yet the world owes much to the versemaker. Never was this better proved than by

our very gallant Ally, Serbia. The Serb is by temperament senti-Tradition has made him the fighting-man that he is, the fighting-man who sees before him a vision of his country free and increasing in power and unity. Gathered round their hero, Marko Kralyevitch, the Serbs "have clung together and

never ceased to form one nationality . . . they have lived in the firm conviction that a day will dawn for them when they will form a large State, fitted to resist the Germanic Drang nach Osten. After a long sleep—as long and as profound as that of Marko himself — they have now awakened, and have set themselves to their task of liberation and union. The national bards, or guslari, are even now improvising and singing new ballads that will charm future generations and inspire them with 'winged ideas,' oven as the bards themselves have been inspired by the contemporaries of Marko and of Kossovo."

"The whole Serbian nation, Marko, the Hero. The whole Serbian nation, taking this word in its broadest sense, believed that their national hero Marko was asleep in the vaults of his castle at Prilip, and that he would awaken on the Day to restore the mediæval Serbian Empire; and he awoke in very truth. At the Battle of Prilip, in 1912, the Serbians beheld him at the head of their battalions as a warrior sans peur et sans reproche. They now recognise him in their national sculptor, Ivan Meshtrovitch, a Dalmatian peasant, in no wise

different from the peasant bards of Serbia proper and of Montenegro, who has come to delight the world by his plastic representation of the great Serbian epic."



POPULAR WRITER MARRIED: MISS MARGARET PETERSON (MRS. ALBERT O. FISHER).

The many admirers of "The Lure of the Little Drums," and other clever works of Miss Margaret Peterson, will be interested to learn that the popular authoress has just been married to Mr. Albert O. Fisher, son of Mr. S. W. Fisher, J.P., of Scarborough. Mr. Albert Fisher is in the Honourable Artillery Company, and is at present home on short leave.—[Photograph by Sarony.]

> The Sword of Marko.

Marko, let it be noted, well earned the fame that is his: "On the usurpation of the throne by Vukashin he had championed the cause of

The Guslari.

Urosh, been banished from Serbia, and gathered about him a band of free-lances; with this body of followers he spent his life in the pursuit of extraordinary adventures until his death in 1394 at the age—so tradition has it—of a hundred and three years. . . . His sword is planted in the rocky walls . His

of the vault, and his horse Sharatz nibbles patiently at the overgrowing moss. Thus, little by little, the stone is worn away and the sword-blade laid bare. A day shall come when the sword will fall to the gound; then Marko will awake, and, sword in hand, will reappear, mounted on Sharatz, to gather the Serbs round his banner." you will be told, he has done.

bards of Serbia sing, as they have

sung through the ages. And what of these bards? "In Serbian Hun-

gary there are schools in which the blind learn these national ballads,

and go from one fair to another

to recite them before the peasants

who come from all Serbian lands.

But this is not the true method.

In the mountains of Serbia, Monte-

negro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina

there is no occasion to learn them

mechanically: they are familiar to

Of such'things

do the national



AN INTERESTING MUSICAL MARRIAGE: MR. WILLIAM MURDOCH AND MISS ELLEN TUCKFIELD.

Many well-known personalities in musical circles were present at the wedding, on Aug. 5, at St. Saviour's Church, Paddington, of Mr. William Murdoch, the clever pianist, and Miss Ellen Tuckfield, the popular song-writer. After the ceremony, Miss Viola Tree (Mrs. Alan Parsons) held a reception at her beautiful house in Welbeck Street, at which there was a big gathering of celebrities of the musical world.—[Photographs by Hoppé.]

all from infancy. When, in the winter evenings, the members of a Serbian family assemble When, in the round the fire, and the women are engaged with their spinning, poems are recited by those who happen to know them best. The ballads are recited invariably to the accompaniment of a primitive instrument with a single string, called a gusle." Petrovitch deals with this and with much else in his volume: it is very good to read.

" "Serbia: Her People, History, and Aspirations." By Woislav M. Petrovitch, Attaché to the Royal Serbian Legation to the Court of St. James's. (Harrap; 3s. 6d. net.)

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS

of war, during which the price of practically everything the housewife requires has gone up by leaps and bounds, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese has remained the same, notwithstanding the fact that the increased price of raw material has cost the Company many thousands of pounds.

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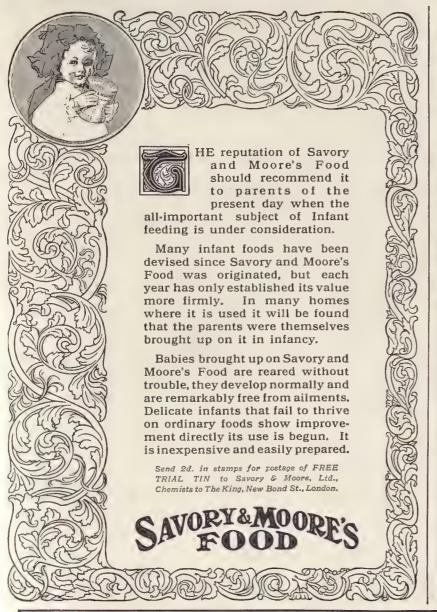
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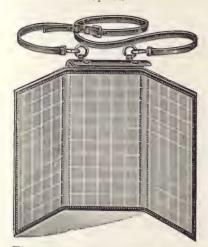
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TAFFETA, PATTERNED WITH PINK ROSES.

pink roses. The collar and cuffs are of pink taffeta, and the belt is of black velvet. The coat is worn over a frock of white embroidered muslin.

Drawn by Robertson.

coat is of black-and-white striped taffeta, patterned with

Women and the Grouse.

There are, and there will be, more women about town this August than usual. No one will miss a chance of even an hour with friend

or relative from the front; ev. ryone likes to be near in case of the return of wounded menkind, and this hub of all the war news-

LOOSELY WAVED AND DRESSED HIGH: A NEW COIFFURE.

The hair is loosely waved and dressed high. A single jewel, suspended from a platinum "claw," hangs down on the forehead.

Drawn by Robertson.

such of it as we get-assumes magnetic qualities for poor humanity just now. Nevertheless, we are all meditating little changes, and I hear that there will be more shooting on the grouse-moors and hills than last season, for, if the boys are to have a good time among the grouse when they have finished with the Germans, the former must be thinned this year. Women are not quite qualified yet to take the men's places, nor are they so ready to exterminate even a feathered male majority!

Is a Lotus water-A Soldier's Joy proof boot; messages from men in the trenches say how envious are the writers of men who wear them. They keep the feet warm and dry standing in water, wading through wet grass, or ankledeep in mud. This is high testimony. The boot was designed by Lotus for sport, but the fighting man has enthusiastically adopted it for war. It

made of that fine hard-wearing leather brown Zug; or it can be made in black if preferred—in so many widths and sizes that any kind of foot can be comfortably fitted. It is rendered water-tight by a specially patented welt-sewing attaching the two uppers to the sole;

is a handsome thing

in foot-wear too,

and it is also built something on the lines of a ski-boot, with room at the toes for more than one pair of socks. It is well known that men's Lotus boots always please those who appreciate first-class fit and a better stamp of boot than is generally worn. Hundreds of agencies all over the country stock Lotus boots; also the Natural Form Boot Company, South Arcade, Finsbury Pavement.

> Our Guests of Honour.

Everyone who has a garden likes to have some of our wounded

soldiers and sailors as guests in it, and those of us who have cars like to send for them. Such cheery guests they are! One I met lately told me he lost his eye-such a big bright eye if it matched its matebecause he was looking for trouble! He enjoyed his own joke, which was more of a choke to me. Another young wag, who was still harbouring German shrapnel, though some had been what he called "dug out," said reflectively that "the first seven years of a war were always the worst," and, when his comrades bombarded him with small fallen apples, continued, "the second seven's not so bad, and at the end of the third seven, like the skinned eel, you're gettin' quite used to it." A third, alluding to his lost leg, said he'd "get an old tapper presently he could carry on with"!

The fashionable skirt will be quite all right for For the Moors. the grouse-moors, wide and short. Some of the ladies one walks behind look like girls of sixteen-slight, shortskirted, neat-ankled, erect, even springy in their walk. One such

attracted a would-be lady-killer, who followed her and touched her gently on the elbow. "Sir, you have made a mistake," said the lady frigidly, turning on him a well-worn visage. "Begad, Madam, you never said a truer word," was the unexpected response, with

raised hat and a look of blank amazement. It was a comic little comedy of the pavement. To be a flapper back view and a most unattractive old thing tra-la front view was a contrast for which this despicable follower was not prepared.

Putting Our Best There is no duty more im-Face on the Matter.

perative, now that we have

entered on the second year of a calamitous war, than that of keeping ourselves confident. If we If we women let our looks go we let our spirits go with them, and begin to see grey and then black; we have to back up the fighters every way, and none is so efficacious as looking our best and keeping our cheeriest. An unfailing way to manage the first is treatment by that clever and common-sense specialist who has a name on two continents for reliability and talent-Mrs. Eleanor Adair, Ganesh House, 92, New Bond Street, W. If

it is impossible to attend at the Bond Street salons, there is a simple but always successful home treat-

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of Paris is as yet "unknowe." It is compiled by W. J. Hernan, and is sold (War Edition) at Sixpence, by W. J. Hernan and Co., 110, Strand, W.C. Messrs. Coleman and Co., of "Wincarnis" fame. have presented 65,000 of this booklet to the War Office.



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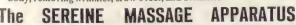
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THE LIGHTING REGULATIONS: THE L.C.C.'s HAUL OF £200,000: NOT TOO MUCH OIL IN THE GEAR-BOX.

It is regrettable to observe that the tale of Dim Lights and road accidents is maintained at an unusually Accidents. high average, and that the great majority occur at night. It is inevitable, therefore, to assume that this is due to the existing lighting regulations, which are quite below the necessary standard of safety for road-users of every class, and at the same time are much more restrictive than is necessary as a precaution against aircraft attacks. All those who are unfamiliar with the actual conditions of road locomotion will doubtless go on believing that speed alone is the sole contributory factor where accidents are concerned, and it would be interesting, therefore, to hear their opinions as to the recent collision in Essex between a milk-cart and a brewer's dray. As a matter of fact, speed has nothing to do with the case, which is purely one of adequate vision. No one can possibly drive fast without powerful lamps, and no motorist desires

the liberty, in present circumstances, to use anything of the kind; all that he wants is sufficient light to enable him to see a reasonable distance ahead when driving at a moderate speed and exercising the ut-most care. This measure of illumination can undoubtedly be secured without displaying a degree of light which would be visible to any air-ship, or in any way rivalling the degree of illumination which is permitted by the authorities in the case of street-lamps at public crossings all over the Me-

tropolis. As the nights are now closing in once more, the dangers of the situation will soon be augmented, not decreased.

The latest figures issued by the London County The L.C.C. and Council show that 2859 motor-cars, 2556 motor-Registrations. cycles, and 145 heavy motor-cars were registered at Spring Gardens in the quarter ending June 30, making the cumulative totals 87,891, 39,916, and 7287 for the respective types. As 23,269 driving licenses were also issued in the same quarter, bringing the total up to 418,248 since the Motor-Car Act came into force, it is obvious that the London County Council has made a pretty considerable haul out of motorists-over £200,000, in fact; and at practically no expense to itself-in the matter of registration fees alone, without reference to taxes on engine-power. So far from being grateful, however, for the annual windfall, the Council for two or three years past has been as keen as Shylock in demanding its pound of flesh, and puts the screw on motorists in the most pertinacious manner possible. As an illustration of its methods, I may mention that a friend of mine lately bought his second car, after an interval of ten years of "doing without." When he applied for his driving license the County Council raked up a previous conviction which was over ten years old! It may be doubted whether even the criminal classes are watched as closely as this.

A Novel Point. Motorists who look after their own cars might be roughly divided, perhaps, into two classes. The first would consist of those who are nothing if not lax in the matter of necessary attentions, and, excusing themselves with some such phrase as "letting well alone," will leave grease-cups unturned, and ignore the demands of their gear-box, crank-chamber, or back axle for replenishments of oil. The other class would consist of those who are inclined to be too solicitous as to the welfare of every portion of their car's interior mechanism, and distribute grease and oil with a lavish hand. It may be doubted, however, whether even car-owners who are practical enough to avoid either of these extremes will not be surprised to learn what is a desirable standard of efficiency

where the supply of oil in gear - boxes is concerned. The reasonably careful man will remove the gearbox lid from time to time to see how matters stand, and, when the oil is somewhat low, will naturally add what he regards as a desirable quantum; but, while few people would be likely to assume that any useful purpose would be served by pouring in oil right up to the brim, it will be news to probably every motorist to find that there is an appreciable loss of efficiency even if the gear-

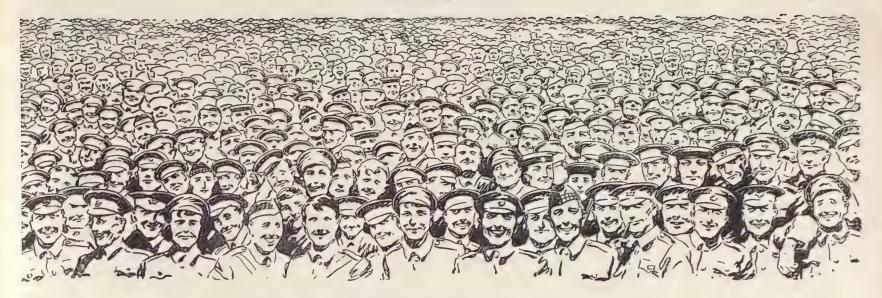
box is half-full I



THE TRAVELLING X-RAYS: THE SPECIAL HOSPITAL MOTOR-CAR GIVEN BY THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S HOSPITALS.

This excellent X-Ray Hospital on wheels is on exhibition, at the moment of writing, at Bedford College. The photograph shows the X-Ray apparatus and the "operating"-tails.—[Photograph by Alficri.]

In other words, the National Physical Labora-Spare Your Oil! tory at Teddington has been making tests of power-transmission, and particularly with reference to the quantity of oil in the gear-box. The average results showed that when the box was full of oil, the resultant efficiency on the top gear was 74 per cent. When it was three-quarters full, the figures rose to 90 per cent., and when half-full to 94 per cent.; but when only a quarter-full the result was no less than 97.5 per cent., or, in other words, showed a loss in transmission of only 2½ per cent. It may be taken for granted that the average man is not content unless his gear-box is at least half-full, and in many cases, no doubt, the oil is poured in to a three-quarters depth; but from the foregoing figures it is clear that the resistance of the oil itself is considerable, and that, in the interests of efficiency, it is desirable to use comparatively little. This, of course, involves more frequent attention and inspection. Great kudos, therefore, will be gained by the maker who is the first to fit his gear-boxes with an oil-gauge; and he might, at the same time, devote his attention to the production of a gear-box lid which could be removed and replaced in a more expeditious fashion than by the familiar method of turning a superfluity of nuts.



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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Steppe; and Other Stories."

By ANTON TCHEKOV.

It would be hard to imagine any motive more expressive of the strangenesses of life in mighty Russia than that which inspires the first of these stories, "The Steppe." The whole long narrative is just the account of a little boy

making his first journey to a public school. His mother with ambitions towards refinement and education, and himself, in the imminence of long separation, the unhappiest of homesick little mortals-that is the essence of a situation common to all countries where there are mothers and little boys and public schools. But passing from essence to form, everything grows remote with the quaintness of a fairy-tale when it is a question of a little Russian boy. The vision of him perched up on the box-seat of the britchska in front of his uncle and the smiling old priest, in danger of bouncing off "like a tea-pot down a slope," his red shirt blown out like an inflated bladder by the speed of their driving, and his new wagoner's hat, decorated with a peacock's feather—could anything be further from the station departure for Eton or Rugby? Here there are the moods of the steppe: its fearful, beautiful, illimitable distances, like the distances of the sea. Young Egor, hanging anxiously to his seat, crossed it under green, star-sprinkled skies, towards lilac horizons; through storms, in stagnant heat, in whirlwind. However intensely foreign that little village of "The Hollow" which the second story exploits, it becomes easy and delightful to visualise with the phrase of the one recorded incident which any of its familiars could produce: "What village? Oh, that is where Cantor ate all the caviar at a funeral!" It happened ten years ago, and it was a four-pound pot, and Cantor was dead, though not of the caviar; but Tchekov leaves it at that, this eloquent testimony to the narrow life or the dull observation of a little society that had other claim to distinction. But there is another tale about Ukleevo, once Tchekov gets there. Besides the wonderful wedding feast of smoked sausages and sour lobsters, with its curious group of peasants, there is the sketch of the fraudulent detective bridegroom in a black frock-coat, wearing a red ribbon instead of a tie, gazing pensively into space. "He felt some emotion in his innermost heart, and he would have liked to have wept. The church was so familiar." His first communion, his choir-singing, he knew so well each nook and ikon. And now they were marrying him! Tears prevented him from seeing the ikons. "And although his sins piled up in the past were many, very many, and irreparable ones, so that it seemed unavailing to pray for forgiveness, yet he

prayed and also sobbed aloud. This nobody heeded, as they merely thought: He is drunk." "Each destined for his part, namasha," answered he, when his stepmother deplored the fraud of their little business. "Look you," he continued, "when I was married I did not feel like myself. It is like when you take an egg from under a hen and a chick chirps inside: so my conscience chirped while I was being married. I thought: 'There is a God.' And then when I came out of the church the feeling was gone. And how should I know if there is a God or not?"

"Jaffery."
By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.
(The Bodley Head.)

It is Mr. Locke's confessed intention to put before his reader "a lusty son of Pantagruel forced into the incongruous rôle of Sir Galahad." The thing seems manifestly absurd. Absurd,

that, of all possible worlds of created philosophy for Mr. Locke to choose from, he should choose the Rabelaisian; that such a world should stand, gates open, to the arch-sentimentalist with Sir Galahad tucked under his arm! Well, the Pantagruelism is entirely an affair of physique; Jaff Chayne was a giant with a beard and a shock of red hair, and he had a voice--! When he imagined himself whispering confidential Galahadisms to a beautiful young slip of a woman, the voice "bellowed like an honest bull"; and when he laughed "Ho! Ho!" the cow in the next field would lift her tail in air and scamper, terrified, away. He also ate and drank the part, if one may say so; no Christian butler could carve for Jaffery Chayne—he would help himself at the sideboard, and return after a longish absence with half the joint on his plate; while his tumblers had to be pint ones. With it all, Jaffery was pure Sir Galahad tempered by his profession of war - correspondent. Two widows, left by their husbands to his chivalry, develop this more spiritual side by their claims. One of these, an Albanian with an American accent, is entertaining enough for a heroine of musical comedy; she manages to create an atmosphere of it with every appearance. It is real joy to see her spring to a death-grapple with a postman who had no letter for her, calmly glance through his mail, and fling it contemptuously over his "supine and gasping" body. As Pantagruel or Galahad are in the ascendant with the reader, he will rejoice or deplore when this splendid creature does finally get the red-haired Jaffery. The second little widow, who is boring, evokes Galahad alone, and consequent deeds of knight-errantry are recorded with a humour and a sentiment which Mr. Locke has made familiar by many, many books full of a laughter too delicate and thin for Rabelaisian throats, touched by a mist of tears, quite unlike those terrifying drops in Doré's frontispiece of the bereaved giant.





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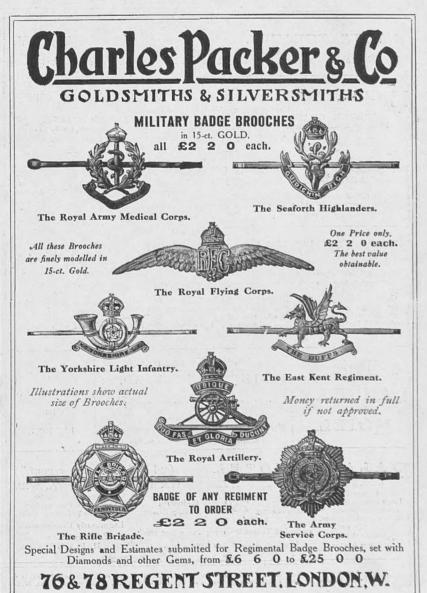
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A BATCH OF WAR BOOKS.

MID the orgy of slaughter that has now continued for a year, A the Red Cross has stood as a sign and memento of human nature's gentler side. The story of all that has been done under that symbol will fill many volumes when the history of the war comes to be written. Meantime, an excellent summary, with vivid descriptions of typical episodes and dialogue fresh from the battlefield, is given in "The Way of the Red Cross," by E. C. Vivian and J. E. Hodder Williams (Hodder and Stoughton; 1s. net). This new cheap edition should have a wide sale, especially as all profits go to the Times Fund for the Sick and Wounded. It is a splendid story that the authors have to tell, and all should read it. Queen Alexandra has written, as a preface, a few gracious words of appreciation of the devotion of Red Cross nurses.

Officers of the new armies and members of volunteer corps will find a mine of useful information and instruction in two books by Major Gordon Casserly, of the Indian Army—" Tactics for Beginners and "The Training of the Volunteers for War" (Hodder and Stoughton; is net each). The explanations, which are clear and concise, are given in the simplest terms to suit the novice. Details are given on a great variety of subjects.

Among books dealing with wider questions connected with the war, one of the most interesting is "Germany's Food: Can It Last?" a translation of a work by German experts (University of London Press; 2s. net). The English version is edited by Dr. S. Russell Wells, with an introduction by Professor A. D. Waller. The German experts conclude that, even if Germany be isolated, she cannot be starved if their recommendations are adopted. The cannot be starved if their recommendations are adopted. various questions—agricultural and economic—are treated very fully.

"Italy and the Italian People," edited by L. G. Redmond-Howard (Simpkin, Marshall; is. net), one of the Nations of the War Series, will help the man in the street to understand Italy's share in the war. It is a short survey of Italian history, from ancient Roman times—politics, religion, literature, social life, military strength, and commerce. A list of books for further study is given at the end.

In "After the War" (Simpkin, Marshall; 2s. net) Mr. Henry R. Meyer deals with "the changes and chances that will come with peace." Although, at the present stage of events, it would obviously be premature to discuss the future in detail, the author is able to offer some useful warnings, and has much of interest to say of the past and the present. Above all, he concludes, England must "beware of a doubtful peace, which may entail even greater danger than the present conflict."

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

T the Aldwych "Pete" has been revived for a summer run; and possibly for an autumn run, for it is dear to the great heart of the people, and Mr. Hall Caine knows the way to that heart. For one thing, there is a real baby in it, and that alone would be enough. But it is not nearly all, for the three people concerned with that real baby know (with Mr. Hall Caine's help) how to make the very most of it. There is, above all, Mr. Matheson Lang, the supposed father—the bluff, hearty Manxman with the deep, pathetic love for his wife and child, who when his wife, in shame for the deceit practised on him, leaves him, tragically keeps up a cheerful countenance by pretending to receive letters from her and presents for the baby. Mr. Lang plays it with wonderful energy and real feeling. Then there is the mother, played by Miss Hutin Britton with sincerity and emotion; and, finally, Philip Christian, the Deemster and the real father, excellently represented by Mr. Baliol Holloway. Of the others, Mr. Frederick Ross is vigorous and impressive as old Cæsar Cregeen, and Miss Mary Brough plays cleverly in the characteristic little part of the old housekeeper or nurse. It is an admirable revival, and received with much favour.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Armageddon. Stephen Phillips. 2s. 6d, net. (The Bodley Head.) The Changing Drama. Archibald Henderson.

(Grant Richards.) 5s. net.

The Soul of the War. Philip Gibbs. 7s. 6d. net.

(Heinemann.)

Court Life from Within. H.R.H. The Infanta Eulalia of Spain. 10s. 6d. net (Cassell.)
Behind the Prison Bars in Germany. By a British Doctor.

British Doctor.

Belgian Poems. Emile Cammaerts. English
Translation by Tita Brand-Cammaerts.
4s. 6d. net (The Bodley Head.)

Sergeant Michael Cassidy, R.E. By "Sapper."
1s. net (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance.
Christopher Hare. 12s. 6d. net.

(Stanley Paul.) Learning to Cook. Mrs. C. S. Peel. 3s. 6d. (Constable.)

Blast. War Number. Edited by Wyndham Lewis. 2s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.) The Great Settlement. C. Ernest Foyle. 6s. (Murray.)

War Poems and Other Translations. Lord Curzon of Kedleston. 4s. 6d. net. 4s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

FICTION.

The Wife Who Found Out. Gertie de S. Wentworth-James. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)
Love and the Freemason. Guy Thorne. 6s.

Love and the Freemason. Guy Thorne. 6s.

(Werner Laurie.)

Comrades. Maxim Gorky. 2s. 6d. net.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Heart of a Russian. M. Y. Lermontov.

2s. 6d. net.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Lady Passenger. A. W. Marchmont. 6s.

(Hodder and Stoughton.)

Millstone. Harold Begbie. 6s. (Constable.)

Hyssop. M. T. H. Sadler. 6s. (Constable.)

The Girl From Nippon. Carlton Dawe. 6s.

(Ward, Lock.)

The Barbarians. James Blyth. 6s. (Long.)
The Mormon Lion. David Ford. 6s. (Long.)
Journeys with Jerry the Jarvey. Alexis Roche.
6s. (Smith, Elder.)

The Valley of Fear. A. Conan Doyle. (Smith, Elder.) Into Temptation. Alice Perrin. 7d. net.

Freckles. Gene Stratton Porter. 1s. net.

(Murray.) The Holiday Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant. Lord Frederick Hamilton. 2s. 6d. net.

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